





THE
VALIANT
WELSHMAN.

OR,

The true Chronicle History of the
Life and Valiant Deeds of

Caradoc the Great,

KING of

CAMBRIA,

now called

VVALES.

As it hath been sundry times Acted by
the Prince of *Wales* his servants.

Written by R. A. Gent.

London, Printed for *William Gilbertson*, at the Bible
without Newgate. 1663.



To the Ingenious Reader.

AS it hath been a custome of long continuance, as well in *Rome* the Capital City, as in divers other renowned Cities of the world, to have the lives of Princes and worthy men, acted in their Theatres, and especially the Conquests and Victories which their own Princes and Captains had obtained, thereby to encourage their youths to follow the steps of their Ancestors; which custome even for the same purpose, is tolerated in our Age, although some peevish people seem to dislike of it. Amongst so many valiant Princes of our *English* Nation, whose lives have already even cloyed the stage, I searched the Chronicles of elder ages, wherein I found amongst divers renowned persons, one Brittish Prince, who of his enemies received the Title of *VALIANT BRITTAIN*, his name was *Caradoc*, he was King of *Siluria*, *Ordonica*, and *March*, which Countries are now called *South-Wales*, *North-Wales*, and the *Marches*; and therefore being born in *Wales*, and King of *Wales*, I called him the *Valiant Welshman*: He lived about the year of our Lord, 76. *Cornelius Tacitus* in his 12. Book, saith, that he held wars nine years against all the Roman puissance; but in the end he was betrayed by *Cartismanda* Queen of *Brigance*, and so conveyed to *Rome* in triumph, so that the name of *Caradoc* was famous in *Rome* at that time: wherefore finding him so highly commended amongst the Romans, who were then Lords of all the world, and his enemies: I thought it fit amongst so many Worthies, whose lives have already been both acted and printed, his life having already been acted with good applause, to be likewise worth the printing; Hoping that you will censure indifferently of it; and so I bid you farewell.



The Actors Names.

Fortune.

Bardh.

Octavian King of North-Wales.

Guiniver his daughter.

Codigune his base son.

The Duke of Cornwall.

The Earl of Gloucester.

Morgan Earl of Anglesey.

*Pheander his son, the Fayry
champion.*

Ratsbane his man.

A Jugler.

*Cadallan, Prince of March,
with his three sons, and his
daughter Voada.*

*Caradoc, Mauron, and Constan-
tine.*

Monmouth an usurper.

Gederns King of Brittain.

Gald his brother.

Venusius Duke of York.

Cartismanda his wife.

Claudius Cesar the Emperour.

*Ostorius Scapula, the Roman
Lieutenant.*

Marcus Gallicus, his son.

*Manlius Valens, and Cessius
Nasica, two Tribunes of the
Romans.*

A Witch, and her son Bluso.

*The Clown with a company of
Rusticks.*

A Shepherd.

An old man.

THE



THE Valiant Welshman.

ACT V S 1. SCENA 1.

Fortune descends down from heaven to the Stage, and then she calls forth four Harpers, that by the sound of their musick, they might awake the ancient Bardh, a kind of Welsh Poet, who long ago was there intombed.

Fortune.

THus from the high Imperial Seat of Jove,
Romes awful Goddess, Chance, descends to view
This Stage and Theater of mortal men,
Whose Acts and Scenes divisible by me,
Sometime present a swelling Tragedy
Of discontented men: sometimes again
My smiles can mould him to a Comick vein:
Sometimes like *Niobe*, in tears I drown
This Microcosme of man; and to conclude,
I seal the Lease of mans beatitude:
Amongst the several objects of my frowns,
Amongst the sundry subjects of my smiles,
Amongst so many Kings hous'd up in clay,
Behold, I bring a King of *Cambria*:
To whom great *Pyrrhus*, *Hector* pois'd in scales
Of dauntless valour, weighs not this Prince of *Wales*.

Be

The Valiant Welshman.

Be dumb, you scornful English, whose black mouthes
Have dimm'd the glorious splendor of those men,
Whose resolution merits *Homer's* pen :
And you, the types of the harmonious spheres,
Call with your silver tones, that reverend *Bardh*,
That long hath slept within his quiet urn,
And let his tongue this Welshmans Crest adorn.

*The Harpers play, and the Bardh riseth from
his Tomb.*

Bardh. Who's this disturbs my rest ?

Fort. None, Poet Laureat : but a kind request
Fortune prefers unto thy airy shape,
That once thou wouldst in well-tun'd Meeter sing
The high-swolne fortunes of a worthy King ;
That Valiant Welshman, *Caradoc* by name,
That foil'd the haughty Romans, crack'd their fame.

Bardh. I well remember powerful Deity,
Arch-governess of this terrestrial Globe,
Goddess of all mutation man affords,
That in the reign of *Romes* great Emperour,
Ycleped *Claudian*, when the *Brittish* Isle
Was tributary to that conquering See,
This worthy Prince survived, whose puissant might
Was not inferiour to that son of *Jove*,
Who, in his cradle chok'd two hideous Snakes.
Which, since my Fortune is to speak his worth,
My utmost skill alive, shall paint him forth.

Fort. Then to thy task, grave *Bardh* : tell to mens ear,
Fame plac'd the Valiant Welshman in the sphere.

Bardh. Then, since I needs must tell the high designs
Of this brave Welshman, that succeeding times,
In leaves of gold, may register his name,
And rear a *Pyramis* unto his fame ;
This only do I crave, that in my song,

Attention

The Valiant Welshman.

Attention guide your ears, silence your tongue.
Then know all you, whose knowing faculties
Of your diviner parts scorn to insist
On sensual objects, or on naked sense,
But on mans highest Alpes, Intelligence.
For to Plebean wits, it is as good.
As to be silent, as not understood.
Before fair *Wales* her happy Union had,
Blest Union, that such happiness did bring,
Like to the azure roof of heaven full packt
With those great golden Tapers of the night,
Whose spears sweat with their numbers infinite ;
So was it with the spacious bounds of *Wales*,
Whose firmament contain'd two glorious Suns,
Two Kings, both mighty in their arch-commands,
Though both not lawfull in their government :
The one *Octavian* was, to whom was left,
By lineal descent, each government :
But that proud Earl of *Monmouth* stealing fire,
Of high ambition did one throne aspire,
Which by base usurpation he detains.
Of lawfull (right) unlawful treason gains.
Twice, in two haughty set Battalions,
The base usurper *Monmouth* got the day :
And now *Octavian* spurr'd with grief and rage,
Conducted by a more propitious star,
Himself in person comes to *Shrewsbury*,
Where the great Earl of March, great in his age,
But greater in the circuit of his power,
Yet greatest in the fortunes of his Sons,
The Father of our valiant Welshman call'd ;
Himself, his warlike Sons, and all doth bring,
To supplant Treason, and to plant their King.
No more Ile speak : but this old *Bardh* intreats,
To keep your understanding and your seats,

The Valiant Welshman.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

*Enter Octavian, King of Northwales, Gloster, Codignues
base son, Morgan, Earl of Anglesey, and his foolish son
with Souldiers.*

Octavian. Gloster, Lord Codigune,
And Noble *Morgan*, Earl of Anglesey,
Can the usurping name of *Monmouth* live
Within the ayry confines of your souls,
And not infect the purest temprature
Of Loyalty and sworn Allegiance,
With that base Apoplexy of revolt,
And eager appetite of soveraign might,
Counting the greatest wrong, the greatest right?
Full many Moons have these two aged lights
Beheld in peaceful wise: Now, to my grief,
When the pure oyl, that fed these aged Lampes,
Is almost spent, and dimly shines those beams,
That in my youth darted forth spritelul rayes,
Must now die miserable and undone,
By monstrous and base usurpation.

Codig. Thrice noble King, be patient, this I read,
The Gods have feet of wooll, but hands of lead:
And therefore in revenge as sure, as slow.
What though two Royal Armies we have lost?
He that bears man about him, must be crost:
And that base *Monmouth*, that with his golden head
Salutes the Sun, may with the Sun fall dead.
For base Rebellion draws so short a breath,
That in the day she moves, she moves to death:
And like the Marigold opens with the Sun,
But at the night her pride is shut and done.

Morgan. Hark you, my Lord *Codigune*;
By the pones of *Saint Tavy*, you have prattled to the King
a great

The Valiant Welshman.

a great deal of good Physick, and for this one of her good lessons and destructions, how call you it, be Cad, I know not very well, I will fight for you with all the *George Stones*, or the *Urfa majors* under the Suns. Hark you me, Kings: I pray you now, good Kings, leave your whimbling, and your great proclamations: Let death come at her, and ha can catch her, and pray God bless her. As for the *Rebell Mouth*, I know very well what I will do with her. I will make Martlemas beef on her flesh, and false dice on her pones for every Conicatcher: I warrant her for Causebobby and Metheglin: I will make her pate ring noon for all her resurrections and rebellions.

Octavian. But solt, what Drum is this,
That with here silent march salutes the ayr?
Herald, go see.

*The Drum
soundeth a-
far off.*

Herald. And't please your Grace, *Cadallan*, Earl of March
Spurred on by duty and obsequious love,
Repining at the Fortune of your Foe,
Whose ravening tyranny devours the lives
Of innocent subjects, now in person comes,
To scourge base usurpation with his sons.

Octav. Conduct them to our presence. *Enter March.*
Welcome, brave Earl, with these thy manly sons:
Never came rain unto the Sun-partcht earth,
In more auspicious time, than thy supply,
To scourge usurping pride and soveraignty.

Cadallan. O my gracious Lord,
Cadallan comes drawn by that powerful awe
Of that rich Adamant his soule adores.
The needles point is not more willing to salute the North,
Man joyfuller to sit in shrin'd in heaven,
Than is my loyalty to aid my King.
I know, dread Liege, that each true man should know,
To what intent dame Nature brought him forth:
True subjects are like Commons, who should feed
Their King, their Country, and their friends at need.

The Valiant Welshman.

Octav. Brave Earl of March, I need not here delude
The precious time with vain capituling:
Our own hereditary right. Graves to the dead,
Balsum to green wounds, or a soul to man
Is not more proper, then *Octavian*
To the usurped Title *Monmouth* holds.
Then once more on; this be our only trust;
Heavens suffer wrongs; but Angels guard the just. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

*Enter Monmouth the usurper in armes with
Souldiers.*

Mon. Now valiant Countreymen, once more prepare
Your hands and hearts unto a bloody fight.
Stern *Mars* begins to buckle on his helm,
And waves his sanguine colours in the ayr:
Recount, brave spirits, two glorious victories,
God with the death of many thousand soules.
Think on the cause, for which we stand ingag'd,
Even to the hazard of our goods and lives:
That were *Octavians* forces like the stars,
Beyond the limits of Arithmetick:
Or equal to the mighty *Xerxes* host:
Yet like the poles, our dauntless courage stands,
Unshaken by their feeble multitudes.
But soft: what Drum is this? Souldiers, look out.
Did *Cesar* come, this welcome he should have,
Strong arms, big hearts, and to conclude, a grave.

*The Drum
beats a-
far off.*

Souldiers. My Lord *Octavian*,
Backt with the Earl of March and his three sons,
Intends to give you battel.

Mon. No more, no more: fond doting Earl:
Is not there room enough within Churchyards,
To earth his aged body, with his sons,

But

The Valiant Welshman.

But he must ~~hither~~ come to make their graves ?
Drums, beat aloud. Ile not articulate.
My soul is drown'd in rage. This bloody fight
Shall tomb their bodies in eternal night. *Exeunt. Alarm.*

Enter Cadallan wounded, with his sons.

Carad. Rot from his cursed trunk that villains arm,
That gavethis fatal wound to reverend age.
How fares our Princely Father ?

Cad. As fares the sick man, when the nights black bird
Beats at his Casement with his sable wings :
Or as the half-dead Captive being condemn'd,
Awaits the churlish Jaylors fearful call
Out of his loathsome dungeon to his death :
So fares it with the wounded Earl of March :
The current of my blood begins to freeze,
Toucht by the Icy power of gelid death :
A sad Eclipse darkens these two bright lights :
My vital spirits faint, my pulses cease.
And natures frame dissolves to natures peace,
All by that damn'd usurper. *He dies.*

Carad. Eternal peace, free from the hate of men,
Insphear thy soul, and mount it to the stars.
Brothers, surcease your grief, go to the field,
Chear up the Souldiers, whilst I singe forth
This bloody *Monmouth*, that I may sacrifice
His cancell'd life unto my Fathers Ghost,
And rid the Land of this Egean filth,
His usurpation stables. Oh, 'tis good.
To scourge with death, that crying sin of blood.

Morgan meets Caradoc going in.

Morgan. Cousin *Caradoc*, well, in all these pribble prables,
I pray you, how doth our Uncle *Cadallan* ? Be-
Cad, I heard he had got a knock : If it be so, I pray you
look that the lean Canibal, what do you call him that

The Valiant Welshman.

eat up *Julius Casars* and *Pompeys* : a saucy knave, that cares no more for Kings, than lowly beggers and Chimney-sweepers.

Cara. Why, death, man.

Morgan. I, I, Death, a pox on her : as Cad shudge me, he will eat more Emperours and Kings at one meal, than some Taylors halfpennyloaves, or Usurers decayed shentlemen in a whole year : therefore I pray you Cousin, have a care of her Uncle.

Cara. He is in heaven already.

Morgan. In heaven ! why did you let her go thither ?

Cara. It is a place of rest, and Angels bliss.

Morgan. Angels ! Cots blue-hood : I warrant her, there is ne'r a Lawyer in the whole orld, but had rather have eleven shillings, than the best Anshel in heaven. I pray you who sent her thither ?

Cara. I cannot tell but from his dying tongue
He did report *Monmouth* the bloody means.

Morgan. *Monmouth* ! Jesu Christ ! did he send her Uncle to Saint *Peters* and Saint *Pauls*, and not suffer her Cousin *Morgan* to bid her *Nos Dhieu* ? Hark you, Cousin, Ile seek her out be Cad. Farewel, Cousin, Ile make her pring pack her Nuncle with a vengeance.

Cara. Fare well, good Cousin ; whilst I range about
The mangled bodies of this bloody field,
To find the Traytor forth, whose spotted soul
Ile send posthaste unto that low Abiss,
That with the snaky furies he may dwell,
And ease *Prometheus* of his pains in hell.

Alarum again.

*Enter at one door Monmouth with Souldiers, at the other
Codigune : they fight : Monmouth beats them in ;
then enter Caradoc at the other.*

Caradoc. Turn thee, Usurper, Harpey of this Clime,
Ambitious villain, damned homicide.

Mon.

The Valiant Welshman.

Mon. Fondling, thou speakest in too mild consonants :
Thy ayry words cannot awake my spleen :
Thou woundst the subtil body of the ayr,
In whose concavity we stand immured :
Thou givest me cordials, and not vomits now :
Thy Physick will not work : these names thou speakst,
Fill up each spongy pore within my flesh,
With joy intolerable : and thy kind salutes
Of villany, and ambition, best befits
The royal thoughts of Kings : Read *Machiavel* :
Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.

Cara. Out thou incarnate Devil ; guard thee, slave :
Although thou fear'st not hell, Ile dig thy grave.

Mon. Stay, Prince, take measure of me first.

Cara. The Devil hath done that long ago. *Alarum there.*

They both fight, and Caradoc killeth him.
Enter Constantine.

Const. Surcease, brave brother ; Fortune hath crown'd our
With a victorious wreath ; Their Souldiers flee, (brows
And all their Army is discomfited.
The King sounds a retreat. What is the Traytor dead ?
This Act hath purchast honour to our name,
And crown'd thee with immortal memory.
Off with his head : and let the King behold,
His greatest foe and care lies dead and cold.

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

*Enter Octavian, Codigune, Cornwall, Gloster, Maunon with
Colours and Souldiers.*

Octa. Here ends the life and death of bloody war,
Whose grave-like Paunch did never cry, enough :
And welcome, Peace, that long hath liv'd exil'd,

Im.

The Valiant Welshman.

Immur'd within the Ivory walls of bliss.
Ambition now hath thrown her snaky skin
From off her venom'd back. Oh may she die,
Congeal'd, and never move again to multiply.

Enter Caradoc, Morgan, and Constantine.

Morgan. God ple's her. Be Cad, Kings, all the Sybils in the whole orld speak not more tales and Prophecies than our Cousin *Morgan*: Look you now Kings, our Cousin *Caradoc*, and our Cousin *Constantine*, break our fasts with mince-pies and Gallimawfryes of legs and arms. Is your Grace a hungry? If you be, I have brought you a Calves head in wooll, be Cad; 'tis in my Knap sack.

Osta. Thanks, gentle Earl.

Morgan. Thanks for a Pig in a poak, 'tis pleading new; and I pray you thank our cousin *Caradoc* for it: for as Cad shudge me, he was the Caterer: be Cad, he did kill her with one blow in the crag, as you use to kill Conies.

Osta. Why, Cousin *Morgan*, I use not to kill Conies.

Mor. Do you not? Hark you me: you were a great deal petter to kill all the Conies in Wales, than they to kill her. Be Cad, I have known tall men as *Hercules*, been wounded to death, and kick up her heels in an Hospital, by the byting of a tame Conies in the City: therefore your wild Conies in the Suburbs, that eat of nothing but Mandrakes and turn-her-ups, mark you me now, by Sheshu, are worse than Dog-dayes.

Osta. Well, Cousin, you are merry. ¶
But now, brave plants of that unhappy tree
Whom chance of war hath levell'd with the earth,
And in our cause: We cannot but lament
The sudden downfal of that aged Earl.
But since the will of heaven is not confin'd
Unto the will of man: his soul's at rest.
Our bounties and our love to you alive,

Shall

The Valiant Welshman.

Shall well confirm the love we owe him dead.
And first, because your worthy selves shall see,
Our Royal thoughts adore no peasants god,
Or dung-hill baseness: but in that spear we move,
Where honour sits coequal with high *Jove*.
To thee brave Knight, heavens chiefest instrument
Of our new-born tranquility and peace,
We give for thy reward, this golden Fleece,
Our Royal daughter, beauteous *Gwiniver*,
And after our decease, our Kingly right.
Speak, valiant Knight, wilt thou accept of this?

Car. Accept of it, great King!
The Thracian *Orpheus* never entertain'd
More joy in sight of his *Euridice*,
When with his silver tunes he did inchant
The tripple-headed dog, and reassum'd
His souls beatitude, from *Pluto's* Court,
Then your devoted servant in this gift,
Wherein such unrespected joy concurs,
That every sense dances within his blest circumference,
And calls my bliss, A Newyears gift from *Jove*;
And not from that which reason or discourse
Proudly from beasts doth challenge, as from man.
In brief, my Lord,
Look how proud Nature in her store,
Because she hath one Phenix and no more,
Whose individual substance being but one,
Makes Nature boast of her perfection:
So is't with me, great King; more blest'd in this,
Then man turn'd constellation, star'd in bliss.
Her gracious answer, and I am content.

Mor. Her consent, Cousin *Caradoc*, I warrant her there
is never a Lady in *England*, but consent to give prick and
praise to a good thing; go you together: I warrant
her.

Os. How now, my Lord, do you play the Priest?

C

Mor.

The Valiant Welshman.

Mor. Priests! Cads blue-hood, I should be mad fellow
to make Priests: for mark you now, my Lord: the Priests
say, Let no man put her asunder: thats very good. But be-
lieve me, and her will, it is a great deal better to put her
between; because the one is a curse, and the fruits of the
womb is a great plessing.

Oeta. Now Princely son, reach me each others hand.
Here in the sight of heaven, of God and men,
I joyn your Nuptial hands. Oh, may this hour
Be guided by a fair and kind aspect.
Let no malevolent Planet this day dart
Her hateful influence, 'gainst these hallowed rites.
You heavenly Pilots of the life of man,
Oh, be propitious to this sacred cause,
That God and men may seal it with applause.
So now to Ceremonies. Musick, sound shrill thy note:
'Tis Hymens holiday; Let *Bacchus* note.

Exeunt.

Manet solus Codigune.

Codig. Go you unto the Church, and with your holy fires
Perfume the Altars of your countrey gods,
Whilst I in curses, swifter in pursute,
Then winged lightning, execrate your souls,
And all your Hymeneal jollity.
Now swels the womb of my invention,
With some prodigious project, and my brain
Italinate my barren faculties
To Machivilian blackness. Welshman, stand fast;
Or by these holy raptures that inspire
The soul of Politicians with revenge,
Black projects, deep conceits, quaint villanies,
By her that excommunicates my right
Of my creation, with a bastards name,
And makes me stand nonsured to a crown;
I'll fall my self, or pluck this Welshman down.
Cornwall, he kill'd thy brother. There's the base,
Whereon my envy shall erect the frame

Of

The Valiant Welshman.

Of his confusion. *Gloster*, I know,
Is Nature's master-piece of envious plots,
The cabinet of all adulterate ill
Envy can hatch; with these I will begin,
To make black envy Primate of each sin.
Now, in the heat of all their revelling,
Hypocrisie, Times best complexion,
Smooth all my rugged thoughts, let them appear
As brothel sins benighted, darkly clear.
Lend me thy face, good *Janus*, let me look
Just on Times fashion, with a double face,
And clad my purpose in a Foxes case. *Exit.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I. *Sound Musick.*

*Enter Octavian, Caradoc, Guiniver, Gloster, Cornwall
and Codigune, unto the Banquet.*

Octa. Sit, Princes, and let each man, as befits
This solemn Festival, tune his sullen senses,
To merry Carols, and delightful thoughts,
Comick inventions, and such pleasant strains
As may decipher time to be well pleas'd.
All things distinguish'd are into their times,
And Jovial hours unfit for grave designs.
A health unto the Bride and Bridegroom. Lords,
Let it go round. *They drink round.*

Octa. How fares our princely Daughter?
Me thinks, your looks are too compos'd for such a holiday.

Gui. Oh my good Lord, to put your Highness out of your
Which your weak argument draws from my looks: (suspect,
'Tis true, that heathen Sages have affirmed,
That Nature's Tablet fixt within our look,
Gives scope to read our hearts, as in a book.
Yet this affirmative not always holds;
For sometimes as the urine, that foretels

The Valiant Welshman.

The constitution of each temperature,
It falsly wrongs the judgement, makes our wit
Turn Mountebank in falsly judging it:
And like the outward parts of some fair whore,
Deceives, even in the object we adore:
My Lord, my soul's so wrapp'd
In contemplation of my happy choice,
That inward silence makes it more complete,
By how much more it is remote
From custome of a superficial joy.
That's meerly incorporeal, a meer dream,
To that essential joy my thoughts conceive.

Ofta. How learnedly hath thy perswasive tongue,
Discovered a new passage unto joy,
In mental reservation? True joy is strung
Best with the heart-strings, sounds onely in the tongue,
But where's Sir *Morgan*, Earl of *Anglesey*?
He promised us some pleasant masking fight,
To crown these Nuptials with their due delight.

Enter Morgan's foolish son, Morion.

Morion. Oh my Lord, my father is comming to your
Grace, with such a many of Damsons, and she Shittle-cocks:
They smell of nothing in the world but Rozin and Coblers
wax; with such a many lights in their heels, and lungs in
their hands, above all cry, ifaith.

Enter the Masks of the Fairy Queen with four Harpers;
before they dance, one of them singeth a Welsh song: they
dance, and then the fool, Earl Morgan's son, falleth in
love with the Fairy Queen.

Morion. By my troth, my stomack rumbleth at the very
conceit of this Iamal love, even from the sole of my head,
to the crown of the foot. Surely I will have more acquaint-
ance

The Valiant Welshman.

ance of that Gentlewoman; me thinks she danceth like a Hobby-horse.

After the dance, a Trumpet within.

Octa. Thanks, Cousin *Morgan*.
But soft, what Trumpets this?

Constan. A messenger, my Lord, from King *Gedernus*, King of Brittain, desires access unto your Majesty.

Octa. Admit him to our presence.

Enter Ambassador.

Ambas. Health to this Princely presence, and specially, to great *Octavian*; for unto him I must direct my speech.

Octa. To us? then freely speak the tenor of thy speech,
And we as freely will reply to it:
Thy Master is a Prince, whom we affect,
For honourable causes known to us:
Then speak, as if the power we have to grant,
Were tied to his desire.

Amb. Then know, great King, that now *Gedernus* stands,
As in a Labyrinth of hope and fear,
Uncertain either of his life or Crown.
The Roman *Claudius Cesar*, with an host
Of matchless numbers, bold and resolute,
Are marching towards *Brittain*, arm'd with rage,
For the denying Tribute unto *Rome*,
By force and bloody war to conquer it,
And either win *Brittain* with the sword,
Or make her stoop under the *Roman* yoke.
Now, mighty King, since *Brittain* through the world,
Is counted famous for a generous Ile,
Scorning to yield to forreign servitude,
Gedernus humbly doth desire your aid,
To back him 'gainst the pride of *Roman Cesar*,
And force his forces from the *Brittish* shores:

The Valiant Welshman.

Which being done with speed, he vows to tie
Himself to *Wales*, in bonds of amity.

Octa. Legate, this news hath pleas'd *Octavian* well.
The *Brittains* are a Nation free and bold,
And scorn the bonds of any forreign foe;
A Nation, that by force was ne'r subdu'd,
But by base Treasons politickly forc'd.
Claud us forgets that when the *Brittish* Ile
Scarce knew the meaning of a strangers march,
Great *Julius Cesar*, fortunate in arms,
Suffered three base repulses from the Cliffs
Of chalky Dover:

And had not *Brittain* to her self prov'd false,
Cesar and all his Army had been tomb'd
In the vaste bosome of the angry sea.

Son *Caradoc*, how think you of this worthy enterprise?
Yet 'tis unfit, that on this sudden warning,
You leave your fair wife to the Theorick
Of matrimonial pleasure and delight.

Cara. Oh my good Lord, this honourable cause
Is able to inflame the coward brest
Of base *Thersites*, to transform a man,
That's Planet-strook with *Saturn* into *Mars*;
To turn the Caucasus of peasant thoughts,
Into the burning *Aetna* of revenge,
And manly Execution of the foe.

What man is he, if reason speak him man,
Or honour spurs on, that immortal fame
May canonize his Acts to after times,
And Kingly *Homers* in their Swan-like tunes
Of sphere like Musick, of sweet Poetrie,
May tell their memorable acts in verse;
But at the name of Romans, is all war,
All courage, all compact of manly vigour,
Totally magnanimous, fit to cope
Even with a band of Centaures, or a host

The Valiant Welshman.

Of *Cretan* Minotaurs? Then let not me be barr'd:
The way to honour's, craggy, rough, and hard.

Oeta. Go on, and prosper, brave resolved Prince.

Cara. Fair Princess, be not you dismay'd at this;
'Tis honour bids me leave you for a while.
'Twill not long be absent. All the world,
Except this honourable accident,
Could not intreat, what now I must perform,
Being engag'd by honour. Let it suffice,
That joy that lives with thee, without thee dies.

Guin. Sweet Lord, each hour whilst you return, I'll pray,
Honour may crown you with a glorious day.

Cara. Then here I'll take my leave;
First, as my duty binds, of you great King. *He kisses his hand.*
Next, of you, fair Princess. *He kisses her.*
Come brothers, and Lord *Morgan*, I must intreat
Your company along.

Mor. Fare you well, great King: our Cousin *ap Caradoc* and I, will make *Cesars*, with all her Romans, run to
the Tevils arse a peak, I warrant her. *Exeunt.*

I pray you look unto her son there: be Cad, he hath
no more wit in his pates, then the arrantest Cander at
Coose fair. *Exit.*

Oeta. Come daughter, now lets in.
He that loves honour, must his honour win. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Enter the Bardh, or Welsh Poet.

Bardh. Thus have you seen the Valiant *Caradoc*,
Mounting the Chariot of eternal fame,
Whom, mighty Fortune, Regent of this Globe,
Which Navigators call terrestrial,
Attends upon: and like a careful Nurse,
That sings sweet lullabies unto her babe,

Crowns

The Valiant Welshman.

Crowns her beloved Minion with content,
And sets him on the highest spire of Fame.
Now to *Gedernus*, King of warlike *Brittain*,
Oppress'd with Roman Legions, is he gone,
Spurr'd on with matchless resolution;
And in the battel, as your selves shall see,
Fights like a *Nemean* Lion,
Or like those Giants, that to cope with *Jove*,
Hurl'd *Ossa* upon *Peleon*, heap'd hill on hill,
Mountain on mountain, in their boundless rage.
But in the mean time dreadles of treacherous plots,
The Bastard plays his *Rex*, whose ancient fore
Begins to fester, and now breaks the head
Of that Impostume malice had begot.
Now *Cornwall*, *Gloster*, twins of some *Incubus*,
And son and heir to hells Imperial Crown,
The Bastard *Codigune*, conspire the death
Of old *Octavian*. Those that fain woul know
The manner how, observe this silent shew.

Enter a dumb shew, Codigune, Gloster and Cornwall at the one door: After they consult a little while, enter at the other door, Octavian, Guiniver and Voada, the sister of Caradoc: they seem by way of intreaty, to invite them: they offer a cup of wine unto Octavian, and he is poisoned. They take Guiniver and Voada, and put them in prison. Codigune is crowned King of Wales.

Bardh. The trecherous Bastard, with his complices,
Cornwall and *Gloster*, did invite the King,
Fair *Guiniver*, and beauteous *Voada*,
The sister of renowned *Caradoc*,
Unto a sumptuous feast, whose costly outside
Gave no suspicion to a foul intent.
And had *Cassandra* (as she did at Troy,
Foretell the danger of the Grecian horse,

That

The Valiant Welshman.

That *Sinon* counterfeited with his tears,)
Presaged this Treason; like to some nightly dream
Of some superfluous brain begot in wine,
It had been only fabulous, and ex. inct
Even with the same breath, that she brought it forth,
Like some abortive Oracle, so beguiles
The Syrens songs, and tears of Crocodiles.
At this great banker, great *Octavian*
Was poysoned, and the wife of *Caradoc*,
Together with his beauteous sister, led
Unto a loathsome Prison, and the Crown
Invested on the head of *Codigune*
The envious Battard. Here leave we them a while:
And now to Brittain let us steer the course
Of our attention, where this worthy Sun
That shines within the firmament of *Wales*,
Was like himself, thrice welcom'd, till the spleen
Of that malicious *Gloster* did pursue
In certain Letters, sent to *Gederus* King,
Whose sister he had married, his defame
Wales lost, in lively Scenes weel shew the same.

Exit Barab.

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

*Enter Gederus, King of Brittain, Prince Gald,
Caradoc, Lord Morgan, Mauron, and
Constantine.*

Ged. Once more, brave Peers of *Wales*, welcome to Brittain.
Herein *Octavian* shews his Kingly love,
That in this rough sea of invasion,
When the high swelling tempests of these times
Oreflow our Brittain banks, and *Cesars* rage,
Like to an Inundation, drowns our Land,
To send so many warlike Souldiers,
Conducted by the flowers of famous *Wales*.

D

Now

The Valiant Welshman.

Now *Cesar*, when thou dar'st, we are prepared.
Brittains would rather die, than be outdared.
But lo! what messenger is this?

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Speak Messenger, from whom, or whence thou comest.

Mess. From *Wales*, my Lord, sent in all post-haste,
From noble Earl of *Gloster*, to your Grace,
With this Letter.

Gederns reads it.

Mor. From *Wales*! I pray you, good Posts and Messengers,
tell us, how fares all our friends, our Cousin *ap Guiniver*, *ap*
Caradoc, *ap Voada*.

Mess. I know them not.

He strikes him.

Morgan. Cads blu hood, know not our Cousin? Ile give
her such a blow on the pate, Ile make her know her Cou-
sins. Cad zwownes, he had best tell her, he knows not her
nose on her face. This fellow was born at Hogs Norton,
where Pigs play on the Organ. Posts call you her? Sploud,
were a simple Carpenter to build house on such posts: not
know our Cousins?

Gederns. This Letter from our brother *Gloster* sent,
Intreats me, not to trust the gilded outides
Of these strangers. We know our brother well;
He is a man of honourable parts,
Judicious upon no slight surmise,
Gives us intelligence, it shall be so,
Wee'll trust a friend, afore an unknown foe.

Prince *Caradoc*, you with your forces lye upon yon hill;
From whence, unless you see our Army faint,
Or discouraged by the Roman bands,
There keep your standing.

A Drum afar off.

Hark, Roman *Cesar* comes: Now Brittain's fight,
Like *Brutus* sons, for freedom and for right.

Alarum.

Exeunt Gederns and his company

Caradoc, Maurren, Constantine, & Morgan manent.

Cara. Disgraced by Letters? Shifted to a hill?

Fond

The Valiant Welshman.

Fond King, thy words, and all the treacherous plots
Of secret mischief, sink into the gulph
Of my oblivion: memory, be dull,
And think no more on these disgraceful ayres,
My fury relisht. King,
Set punies to keep hills, that scarce have read
The first material Elements of war,
That wink to see a Canoneer give fire,
And like an Alpin, shakes his coward joynts,
At musket shot. Within these noble veynes,
Thereruns a current of such high born bloud,
Achilles well may father for his own.
These honourable sparks of man we keep,
Descended lineally from *Hectors* race,
And must be put in action. Shall I stand,
Like gazing Figure flingers on the stars,
Observing motion, and not move my self?
Hence with that baseness. I that am a star,
Must move, although I move irregular.
Go you unto the hill, in some disguise,
Ile purchase honour by this enterprise. *Exeunt. Alarm.*

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Enter at the one door Gederus, and Prince Gald: at the other, Claudius, and common Souldiers. They fight. Claudius beats them in. Then enters Caradoc, and pursues Claudius. Presently enters Cesar and Caradoc fighting.

Claud. Hold, valiant Brittain, hold thy warlike hands.

Cara. Then yield thy self, proud Roman,
Or by those gods the Britains do adore,
Not all thy Roman host shall save thy life.

Claud. Then souldier, (for thy valour speaks thee so,)
Know, that thou hast no common prisoner,

The Valiant Welshman.

But such a one, whose eminence and place
Commands officious duty through *Rome* :
Then if thy inward parts deserve no less
In honours eye, than thy mean habite shews,
Releate me, that a publike infamy
Fall not upon me by the scandalous hoste,
Whose Critick censure, to my endless shame,
Will run division on the chance of war,
And brand my fortune with black obloquy :
And by my honour, that the Romans hold
As dear as life, or any other good
The heavens can give to man, the battel done,
Ile pay my ransome in a treble sum.

Car. Know, Roman, that a Brittain scorns thy gold.
Let *Midas* brood adore that Deity,
And dedicate his soul unto this Saint:
Souldiers have mines of honourable thoughts,
More wealthy than the Indian veins of Gold,
Beyond the value of rich *Tagus* shore :
Their Eagle feathered actions scorn to stoop
To the base lure of usurers and slaves.
Let painful Merchants, whose huge riding ships
Tear up the furrows of the Indian deep,
To shun the slavish load of poverty,
Gape after massie gold : the wealth we crave,
Are noble actions, and an honoured grave.
Ietake no money Roman :
But since thou seemest no counterfeit impression,
But bear'st the Royal Image of a man,
Give me some private token from thy hands,
That's generally known unto thy friends,
That if by chance I come to *Rome*,
I may be known to be your friend.

Claud. Here, worthy Brittain, take this golden Lyon,
And wear it about thy neck : This when thou comest,
Will quickly find me out. Souldier, adieu.

Cesar

The Valiant Welshman.

Cesar is bound both to the gods and you.

Exit.

Enter Prince Gald. They sound a retreat.

Gald. The Roman Eagle hangs her haggard wings,
And all the Army's fled; all by the strength
And opposition of one common man,
In shew, not far superiour to a Souldier
That's hired with pay, or prest unto the field:
But in his manly carriage, like the son
Of some unconquered valiant Mermedon.
Sure 'tis some god-like spirit, that obscures
His splendor in these bale and borrowed clouds
Of common Souldiers habit. All my thoughts
Are wrapt in admiration, and I am deep in love
With those perfections, only that my eye
Beheld in that fair object. Thus have I left the field,
To interchange a word or two with him.
And see, in happy time he walks alone.
Well met, brave souldier: may a Prince be bold
To ask thy name, thy nation, and thy birth?

Cara. Fair Prince, you question that you know already
I am not what I seem, but hither sent,
On honourable terms to aid this King:
Which he unkingly, basely did refuse,
And in reward of this his proffered good,
Ungratefully return'd (what other Kings
With Princely donatives would recompence)
My service with injurious contempt:
But I, in lieu of this disgraceful wrong,
Have done him right, and through the jaws of death,
Have brought a glorious triumph to his Crown,
And hung sweet peace about his Palace Gates.
True honour should do that which envy hates.

*He discloses
himself.*

Gald. Fair Map of honour, where my reason reads
Each navigable circle, that contains

The Valiant Welshman.

My happy voyage to the land of fame:
Say, vertuous Prince, may *Gald* become so blest
To follow thy fair hopes, and link his soul
In an united league of endless love:
Nor scorn a Princes proffer: for by heaven,
What I intrude, thy vertue hath intor'd,
And like the powerfull Loadstone, drawn my thoughts
To limn out vertue: for exactly done,
By artificial nature, to the life,
In thy fair model shaddowed curiously,
How like *Pigmalion*, do my passions dote
On this fair Picture! will you accept me Prince?

Cara. Most willingly, kind Prince:
And may as yet this *Embrio* of our loves
Grow to his manly vigour: 'tis love alone,
That, of divided souls, makes only one.
Who then adores not love whose sacred power
Unites those souls division would devour?
Come gentle Prince, let us go see our friends
I left upon yon Hill to keep our Forts,
And thence to Wales, where double joyes attend
A beautious wife, and a most constant friend.

Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

Enter Morion, the foolish Knight, and his man Raisane.

Morion. Come, *Raisane*: Oh the intolerable pain that I
suffer for the love of the Fairy Queen! my heels are all kyb'd
in the very heat of my affection, that runs down into my
legs: me thinks I could eat up a whole Brokers shop at a
meal, to be eased of this love.

Rais. Oh Master, you would have a villainous many of
pawn in your belly. Why, you are of so weak a nature, you
would hardly digest a Servingmans Livery in your belly,
without a vomit.

Morion.

The Valiant Welshman.

Morion. I assure thee, thou sayest true, 'tis but gross meat. But *Raisbane*, thou toldst me of a rare fellow, that can tell misfortunes, and can conjure: prethee bring me to him. Ile give him somewhat, to help me to speak with the Fairy Queen.

Whose face like to a Butchers doublet looks,
Varnisht with tallow of some beaution Oxe;
Or like the aprons of some Pie-corner Cooks,
Whose breath smells sweeter than a hunted Fox:
Whose eyes, like two great foot-bals made of leather,
Were made to heat the gods in frosty weather.

Rais. Oh, happy that man, that hath a bed'ellow of these amiable parts. Oh Master if her visible parts be such, her invisible parts are able to make an Italian run mad: he loves an armful. But Master, see, heres the man I told you of.

Enter the Juggler and his man.

Juggler. You know my mind, sir, be gone.
I have obser'd this Ideot, and intend,
To gull the Coxcombe: therefore I did translate
My self this day into this cunning shape.
I oft have heard the fool strongly perswade
Himself to be the Fairy Queens chief Love,
And that by her he shall subdue the Turk,
And pluck great *Otoman* from off his Throne.
This I will work on.

Morion. Sir, and't shall please you, I come to know some of that excellent skill, the world hath blister'd mine ears with.

Jug. Sir *Thomas Morion*, for so are you called,
Daring unto the beaution Fairy Queen;
Your fortunes shall be such, as all the world
Shall wonder at *Pheanders* noble name:
For otherwise, so are you also named.
I know to what intent you hither come:
You come to see your Love, the Fairy Queen,
And talk with her here in this blent place,

Her

The Valiant Welshman.

Her nimble Fairies, and her self do use
Oft to repair : and long it will not be,
Ere she come hither : but thus much you must know,
You must not talk to her, as to a Queen
Of earthly substance : for she is a pure
And simple spirit, without Elements :
Wherefore, without any mortal thing
That may annoy her most immortal sense,
You must go, humbly creeping on your hands,
Without your Doublet, Rapier, Cloak, or Hose,
Or any thing that may offend her nose.
And see, see, yonder she comes ; if you will speak with her,
You must do as I tell you.

Enter the Fayry Queen.

Morion. Oh help me quickly ;
Come, *Ratsbane*, uncase, my Love is come.
He strips himself, and creeps upon his hands, with his man.
Great Queen, thou Sovereign of *Pheanders* heart,
Vouchsafe a word unto thy Maiden Knight,
That bows his guts vnto thy mighty face.

Fairy Q. Follow me this way.

*She falls down under the Stage, and he follows her, and
falls into a ditch.*

Morion. Help, *Ratsbane*, help, help.

Ratsf. Help ? why, where are you ? I thought you had been
in the hole by this time ; come, give me your hand. You
follow the Fairy Queen ?

Mor. Come, come, say nothing : we'll go home like fools
as we came.

Come, my cloaths, my cloaths.

Rat. Cods lid, cloaths ! Now we may go home worie fools
than we came. 'Sfoot, this cunning Rascal means to set us a
hay making. 'Sfoot, we are fit for the Dog-house, we are
flaid already.

Mor. Well, we may go home with the naked truth. Its no
matter, A man's a man, though he have but a hose on his
head.

Enter

The Valiant Welshman.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Codigune, Gloster, and Cornwall, with Souldiers up in Arms.

Codig. Now friends and fellow Souldiers in just Arms,
Prepare your selves against the haughty foe,
Who, as we hear, marches not far from hence.
What we have done, by force we'll make it good,
Or seal our bold attempts with death and blond.

Gloster. King, keep your own, maugre all opposition,
If he come hither to demand your right,
And with his rebel troops disturb the peace
Of what both gods and men have made your own,
Maintain the quarrel with your awful power,
Be it right or wrong ; behave your self like Jove,
And strike with thunder his base insolence :
Discourse not what is done, nor how, nor when,
Only Kings wils are Laws for other men.

Enter a Messenger.

Codig. What tidings brings this sweating Messenger ?

Messen. My Lord, Prince *Caradoc*, return'd from Brittain,
Is with his Army marching hitherwards.

Codig. He comes unto his death. Now, *Codigune*,
Banish all timorous thoughts : think what thou art ;
A King. That word is able to infuse
Boldness, as infinite, as that we call
The worlds first Mover. Why, the name of King
Were able to create a man of stone,
With more than animal courage, to inspire
Dulness, with nerved resolution.
Then, *Codigune*, like *Atlas*, on thy back,
Support thy Kingdoms Arch, until it crack,
March forward.

Exeunt.

The Valiant Welshman.

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Enter Caradoc, Gald, Maaron, Constantine, Lord Morgan, Earl of Anglesey, with Colours and Souldiers.

Carad. I was not wont, dear friends, to be so dul.
I am all lead, as if my subtil soul
Had left his lodging in this house of clay.
Each empty corner of my faculties,
And understanding powers, swell with dreams
And dire presages of some future ill:
Gastly and fearful specters haunt my sleep.
And, if there be, as Heathen men affirm,
Some god-like sparks in mans divining soul,
Then my Prophetick spirit tells me true,
That some sad news attends my steps in *Wales*.
I long to hear what mischief, or what good
Hath hapned, since I parted from the King.

Enter Morion.

Morion. Oh father, father, 'sfoot, I sweat, as if I had been
buried in a Tun of hot grains.

Morgan. Come you Coxcomb, leave your proclamations
and your preamble, and tell her the naked truth.

Morion. My Father knows all.
Indeed, Father, the naked truth is, that the Fairy Queen
robb'd me of all my cloaths: you might have seen me as poor
as an Open-arse. But I can tell you news; The King is poy-
soned; Lord *Codigune* crowned; the Lady *Guiniver*, and the
young Gentlewoman imprisoned.

Morgan. But hark you me, son *Morion*, is all this true, or
invented of her own foolish pates and imaginashions?

Morion. Why, I pray you, Father, when did you hear a
Gentleman of *Wales* tell lies?

Morgan. Her tell her true in that; 'tis the pravest Nati-
on under the Suns for that. Hark you me, sons; be Cad,
it

The Valiant Welshman.

it is a great teale petter to be a thiefe, than a lyar, I warrant her.

Gald. What, Royal Prince, can chance predominate
Over a mind, that, like the soul, retains
A harmony of such concordant tunes ?
No sudden accident should make to jar.
This tenement of clay, in which our soul
Dwels in, untill the Lea'e of life endures,
Of learned men was well called, *Microcosme*,
Or, little world: over whose mortal parts
The stars do govern, whose immortal power
Sometimes begets a fatal birth of woe;
Sometimes again inverts their sullen course
To unexpected Revels, turns our Critick hours
To Critick merriment; y et is there means that bars
Their hateful influence. Wisdome rules the stars.
You have lost a Father: Use the Athenians breath,
Grave Solons; *No mans happy untill death.*

Cara. Oh, loving Prince, thus the Physician speaks
To the disordered Patient: thus healthful Art
Conferrs with wounded Nature. 'Tis a common trick,
Men being sound, give Physick to the sick.
Fair Prince, misconster not my discontent;
I grieve not, that *Ostavian* is deprived
Of life; but that he hath exchanged
His life for such a miserable death.
What villain, but a prodigie of nature,
Ingendred by some Comet, would have forc'd
His aged soul to wander in the ayr?
Bearing a packet of such ponderous sins,
Would crack the *Axel-tree* of heaven to bear.
And not have given him liberty to pray?
But I am arm'd with patience. First with words
Wee'l seek to conquer; and if not, by swords.
March round; I hear their Drums.

The Valiant Welshman.

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

*Enter Codigune, Gloster, Cornwall, with
Colours and Souldiers.*

Codig. Now, *Caradock*, what is't thou canst demand?

Morg. Cousin *Caradoc*, I pray you hold her peace a little.

Codig. I'll hear no mad men speak.

Mor. Cads blue-hood take her for Bedlems, & mad mens?

He offers to strike him.

Cara. Be patient, Cousin. *Codigune*, in brief,
I come to claim my right that thou usurpest,
And by sinister means, black as thy sins,
Hast basely stoln: surrender first my wife,
My sister, and the Kingdom of Southwales;
Or by the gods, to whom I stand obliged,
In sacred bonds of Orizons and thanks,
For life and motion: if thou refuse to do it,
Or move that bloud boyls within my veins,
At the memorial of thy hellish sin,
I'll tear the Crown from off thy cursed head,
And either die my self, or strike thee dead.

Cod. *Caradoc*, thou claimest South-Wales of us.
Nor that, nor wife, nor sister shalt thou have;
But if thou long'st for any, ask a grave.
The high-swoln pride of Majesty and love,
Brooks no Competitors; it's thus decreed,
Who shares with them, must for the booty bleed.
Each Planet keeps his Orb, which being resign'd,
Perhaps, by greater lights would be outshin'd.

Car. Sweet Patience, yet instruct my tongue a while
To speak the language of a temperate soul.
Codigune, mark what I'll offer thee:
Since that the wrongs, which basely thou hast bred,
Cannot be reconciled, but by the death

The Valiant Welshman.

Of millions, that must suffer for us two ;
And we the Authors of what wars and bloud
Shall in her frantick outrage lavish out :
(For 'tis a thing that honour scorns to do,
That multitudes should perish for us two :)
Thou art a man, if actions like thy words,
Be but proportionable, that disdainest
To fight with craven baseness all on ods :
Nor do I think thy honour so profuse,
That guiltless men should bleed for thy abuse :
Then, if thou darest : And once more to augment
Thy Bastard courage, again, I dare thee fight,
Even in a single Monomachy, hand to hand :
And, if by chance (as man is nought but chance)
Thou conquerest me, I will become thy slave,
Confirm my right to thee, and to thy heirs ;
And if I overcome, do thou the like.
How sayest thou, wilt thou accept this offer ?

Cod. It pleases me, and here in the fight of heavens,
By all my hopes of immortality,
I will perform what thou hast bravely spoke.
I love thee for these honourable terms,
And will as fearless entertain this fight,
As a good conscience doth the cracks of Jove.

Cara. Then as we are, Souldiers, begirt us round,
And let no man disturb the Combatants,
Till one or both, fall to our mother earth.
For thus be well assur'd, the cause being right,
Immortal spirits do for justice fight.

Alarm.

*They fight at Poleaxe, Codigune
is conquered.*

Glost. Now, *Gloster* flee and hide thy head with shame.

Mor. Cads blue hood, pear out her prains, for calling her

Cara. Rise, I'll spare thy life.

(*Bedlems.*

Revenge

The Valiant Welshman.

Revenge sufficient for thy damned fact;
For to a seared conscience these do well,
Long life, mens hate, and a perpetual hell.
Yet, that thou mayest live, to atone thy soul
Unto the angry heavens, I freely give
The Kingdom of North-Wales for term of life,
To thy dispose; only reserving tribute to my self,
In just acknowledgment of me and mine.

Cod. Know, *Caradoc*, since by the chance of war,
I must beforc'd to render up that right,
That like a slave I might have kept by might,
I scorn thy gifts, and rather chuse to live
In the vast wilderness with fatal Owls,
Free from the malice of base buzzard Chance,
And there in husht-up silence raving go;
Then earth, except be hell, no place so low.

Then with high alms, *Aside.*
I'll to the Romans, and there plot, pell mell.
Vessels that once are seasoned, keep their smell.
Welshmen, farewell; and *Caradoc*, adieu;
Under the heavens, we have no foe but you. *Exit.*

Corn. Now Royal Prince, since happy victory
Hath set a period to a bloody fight,
Cornwal, in humble manner, here presents
Himself and service to your Princely Grace.

Cara. *Cornwal*, although thy actions not deserve
The least respect of us, in taking part
With the aspiring Bastard, and the rest
Of his adherents; yet we do omit
All former injuries, and reunite
Cornwal unto our love.

Corn. Then Princes, joyn with *Cornwal*, and in throne
True honour and deserts, with what's her own.
Ascend your Chair, fair Prince.

The Trumpets flourish, omnes. They crown him.
Omnes. Long live *Coradoc*, King of *Wales*.

Cara.

The Valiant Welshman.

Cara. We thank you Princes. This being done, wee'l see
Our beaurious Queen and Sister both set free.

Enter Gloster solus.

Now, *Gloster*, in this still and silent wood,
Whose unfrequented paths do lead thy steps
Unto the dismal cave of hellish fiends;
With whom, a Witch, as ugly to confront,
As are the fearful Furies she commands,
Lives in this solitary uncouth place;
Begin thy damned plots, banish that thred-bare thought
Of Vertue,
Which makes us men so senseless of our wrong,
It makes us bear the poyson of each tongue.
No, *Gloster*, no; he, whose meek bloud's soon cool
To bear all wrongs, is a religious fool:
Or he that cannot finely knit revenge,
Like to *Aracne*, in a curious web,
May wounds still fit a Nightcap for his head.
Since I am forc'd to flee with foul disgrace,
And since of gods or men no hope I find,
I'll use both hell and friends to ease my mind.
Here dwels a famous Witch, who, with her son,
As black in Art, as Art itself is black,
Both memorable for their Magick skill,
That can command stern vengeance from beneath
The Center of the Earth, for to appear
As quick as thought. To her I'll tell the tale
Of my revenge, and with the golden Chimes
Of large rewards, inchaunt her hellish ears.
And see: their monstrous shapes themselves appears.

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter the Witch and her son from the Cave.

Gloster. Thou famous Mistris of the unknown depths

Of

The Valiant Welshman.

Of hels infernal secrets, Oh what reward
Shall a dejected, miserable man,
Chased from the Confines of his native Land,
By wrong oppression, and insulting pride,
Disgrace, contempt, and endless infamy,
Give for redress from thy commanding Art?

Witch, Gloster, I know thee well, although disguis'd:
Thou comest to crave our help, for thy revenge
'Gainst *Caradoc*, who now hath vanquished
The Bastard *Codigune* in single fight.
Know *Gloster*, that our skill

Commands the Moon drop from her silver sphere,
And all the stars to vail their golden heads,
At the black horror that our charms present.

Atlas throws down the twinckling Arch of heaven,
And leaves his burthen at our dreadful spels.

This pendant Element of solid Earth,
Shakes with amazing Earthquakes, as if the frame
Of this vast Continent would leave her Poles.

Neptune swells high, and with impetuous rage
Dashes the haughty *Argosy* with winds,
Against the Crystal battlements of heaven.

The troubled air appears in flakes of fire,
That, till about the airs Circumference,
We make the upper Region

Thick, full of fatal Comets, and the sky
Is fill'd with fiery signs of armed men.

Hell roars, when we are angry, and the Fiends,
As school-boys, tremble at our Charming rod.
Thus, when we are displeased, or male-content,
Both hell obeys, and every Element.

Gloster. Thou matchless wonder, work but my revenge.
And by the tripple *Hecate*, and the powers
Your Charms adore, I'll load you with a weight
Of gold and treasure, till you cry No more.
Invent, great soul of Art, some stratagem,

Whose

The Valiant Welshman.

Whose fame may draw him to these dismal woods.
No danger can out-dare his thirsty soul
In honourable enterprizes: he is a man,
Should hell oppose him, of such dauntless mettall,
That were but fame the end of his atchievement,
He would as boldly cope with it, as with things
Of common danger.

Witch. Then *Gloster*, hark: Here in this dismal Grove,
By art I will create a furious beast,
Mov'd by a subtil spirit, full of force
And hellish fury, whose devouring jaws
Shall havock all the borderers of *Wales*,
And in short space unpeople all his Towns.
Now, if he be a man that seeks for fame,
And grounds his fortunes on the popular love,
Or King like do prefer a common good
Before a private loss; this famous task
Whose fearful rumour shall amaze the world,
Will egge him on: where being once but come,
He surely meets with his destruction.
Son, to this purpose, straightway to thy book,
Enter the Cave, and call a powerful spirit by thy skill,
Command him instantly for to appear,
And with thy Charms, bind him unto the shape
Of a devouring Serpent, whilst without
We do await his coming. *Exit Magician.*

Thunders and Lightning.

Now whirl the angry heavens about the Pole,
And in their fuming choler dart forth fires,
Like burning *Aetna*, being thus enraged
At this imperious Necromantick Art.
Distrembles at our Magical command,
And all the flaming vawts of hels Abyss,
Throw forth sulphureous flakes of scorching fire.
The jangling hell-hounds, with their hellish guizes,

F

Dance

The Valiant Welshman.

Dance damned rounds, in their infernal rage.
And to conclude, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire,
And hell, grow sick, to see mans art aspire.
A general envy makes them malecontent,
To see deep Art command each element.
See, *Gloster*, see, thinks he, this monstrous shape

Enter the Serpent.

Will not abate the courage of his foe,
And quell the haughty pride of *Caradoc*?

Gloft. Yes, mighty Artist, were he thrice inspir'd
With more then humane courage, he may as soon
Conquer those matchless Giants, that were set
To keep the Orchard of *Hesperides*,
Or match the labours of great *Hercules*.

Enter the Serpent. It thunders.

Witch. Go shroud thy horrid shape within this wood,
And seize on all thou meetest. Come, *Gloster*, in,
And here awhile abide within this Cave.
Thy eyes shall see what thy vex'd soul did crave. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

*Enter Ostorius, Scapula, Marcus Gallicus, Manlius,
Valens, C. Ssius Nasica, and Codigune, in Arms.*

Osto. Now, valiant Romans, once more do we tread
Upon the bosome of the *Brittish* ground:
And by the gods that do protect great *Rome*,
Wee'll now acquit great *Cesars* foul disgrace,
Or die like Romans in this forreign place.

Marcus. Me thinks it is a shame to *Rome* and us,
That have been counted famous through the world,
For matchless victories, and feats of arms,
That such a petty Iland should repulse
So hugh an army of the Roman strength,
Able to sack the spacious walls of *Troy*,

To

The Valiant Welshman.

To level *Babels* pride even with the ground :
An Isle, that in respect of *Cesars* power,
Is like the Center, to the ample heavens ;
A point unto a large circumference ;
Small atomes, to the body of the Sun.
Sure, this Welshman works by Magick spels,
Or 'tis impossible, if he be a man,
Compos'd of flesh and blond, sinews and nerves,
He should out-dare so puissant an host.

Codig. Great General, that which he holds, is mine ;
And though enforc'd by violence and wrong,
From that which Nature left my heritage :
Yet, since I see such hopes, so fairly sprung
From such an honourable head, as *Rome*,
Whose fame for Honour, Chevalry and Arms,
Out-shines all Nations with her glorious rays.
This *Caradoc*, whom men do causeless fear,
Is of condition insolent and proud,
Ambitious, tyrannous, speckled with every vice
The infectious time can harbour. Say, we confess him bold,
And of a courage that grim visag'd death,
The object of true valour, cannot daunt ;
Though *Proteus*-like, he came in thousand shapes,
What's he compar'd to numbers infinite ?
Or that Imperial *Rome*, whose Eagle eyes
Have gaz'd against the sun of matchless triumphs,
Should basely fear a weak and silly Fly ?
This Welshman is all superficial,
Without dimensions, and like a mountain swels,
In labour onely with great airy words,
Whose birth is nothing but a silly Mouse ;
Actions without their measure, or their weight.
Then, Romans, derogate not from the worth,
That time in ancient Chronicles records
Of your eternal honours got in war.
But if you prize your honours more then life,

The Valiant Welshman.

Or humane happiness, here's a noble cause
Of wrong and usurpation, to erect
A statue to your dying memory.
Then on, great General, wave the Roman Eagle;
Even to the tents of haughty *Caradoc*,
And with my blood I'll second this brave fight,
Or hide my shame by death in endless night.

Ostor. Bravely resolv'd. Ere long, assure thy self,
We'll seat thee in thy ancient dignity,
And force to *Cesar* homage, and to *Rome* :
And, though we fear not one particular man,
Yet, for because we truly are inform'd,
That *Caradoc* is strong and puissant,
For ten days we intend to make a truce,
And in the mean time to make strong our host :
Which if he do refuse (the time expir'd)
To render up thy right, which he detains :
War, like some gnawing vulture shall attend
Unto their final ruine, and their end.
And to that purpose, *Marcus Gallicus*
Shall as a Legate both from *Rome* and us,
Instantly give them knowledge : the time's but short :
And till the date's expir'd, prepare for sport. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

*Enter Caradoc, Guiniver, Voada, his sister, Mauron,
Constantine, Gald, Lord Morgan,*

Cara. Now, beauteous Queen & sister, though our tedious
In warlike *Brittain*, hath been the cause (absence
Of your imprisonment, yet, at our return,
The gods in justice have repaid the wrong
Done to your beauties by base trechery,
And forc'd that damned instrument of sin,
To hide his bastard head in endless shame.

Then,

The Valiant Welshman.

Then, Royal Queen, (for that's a stile befits
The royal vertues of such peerless lustre)
Ascend your Throne, whilst equally with me,
You part, with full applause, your sovereignty.

A flourish. She is crowned.

Omnes. Long live Queen *Guiniver*, Queen of *Cambria*.

Guin. Thanks, Royal Lord. Oh, may these smiling stars,
That kindly have conjoyn'd each others love,
And of two bodies lovingly made one,
Crown all thy actions with a gracious look,
And make thee fortunate in peace and war.
Not all the trecherous complots of that Fiend,
Restraint of that free air, close imprisonment
Could with their strange appearances, imprint
Such feeling Characters of sudden woe,
As your great conquest doth create new joy,
And exultation of your dangers past.

Cara. Thanks, gentle Love. Now sister *Vooda*,
The duty and the care that ever since
My reason could distinguish, and that fraternal love
Nat ure imposed, that many Moons and yeers
Have been employ'd unto the good I owe
Thy riper years, shall in this minutes space
Be full discharged: Therefore thrice noble friend,
I give unto thy hand an Orient Pearl
Of more esteem, then that, which at a health
Great *Cleopatra* did carouse in wine,
To Roman *Anthony*. Love her well, sweet Prince;
Let it suffice, part of our royal bloud
Runs through the channels of her azure veins,
And that she is our sister.

Gald. Right noble Prince, when *Gald* in lieu of this
So Kingly and so rare a benefit,
(In whom the mirrour of bright Excellence
So clear, and so transparently appears)
Forgets to honour thee, or her in love,

The Valiant Welshman.

May he live branded with some heavy curse,
Who se then oppression of the widdows right :
Or when I shall forget to offer up
A sacrifice of my immaculate love
Unto thy beauteous altar, let me have
A base deformed object to my grave.

Voda. And Princely Lord, may no delightsome gale
Of sweet content, blow on this mortal state
Of what I now possess, if from my heart
The deep impression of my love depart.

A Trumpet within.

Cara. Cousin *Morgan*, look what Trumpet's this.

Morgan. I warrant her, 'tis for more knocks on the pate.
Romans call you her? Be Cad, scurvy Romans, that cannot let her alone, in her own Countries. I'll choke some of her with cause bobby, or drown her in hogsheds of Perry and Metheglin.

He goes to the dore. Enter Marcus Gallicus.

I pray you, from whence come her?

Marcus. From Rome.

Morgan. From Rome! And I pray you, what a pox ails her, that you cannot keep her at home? have you any Wasps in her tails? or live Eels in her pelly, you cannot keep her at home? Hark you me: I pray you, how toth Mr. Cesar? toth he need e'r a Parber? Look you now: let him come to Wales, and her Cousin *Caradoc* shall trim his crowns, I warrant her.

Mar. I understand you not.

Mor. Cads nails? Cood people, doth *Morgan* speak Hebrews, or no? Understand her not?

Cara. Now, Roman, for thy habit speaks thee so :
Is it to us thy message is directed?

Marc. Yes, Prince. And thus the Roman General says,
If within ten days space thou wilt resign
Thy Kingdom to the heir, Lord *Codigune*,
From whom thou dost detain it wrongfully,

Thou

The Valiant Welshman.

Thou shalt have peace : but if thou dost deny,
Stern war by force, shall force it presently.

Morg. Hark you now, Cousin, Cads blue-hood, if you
had beat out her prains, you had peen quiet. Shesu, more
troubles and fexashions ! what a orld is this ?

Cara. Dares that damn'd Traytor ope his hellish throat
Against our right ? Or is't your Roman guize
To back black treasons and conspiracies ?
Embassadour, return unto thy Lord :
Within these ten days he shall hear from us.
But by the gods that do uphold the frame
And fabrick of the world, lest it should fall
Upon the head of that damn'd murtherer,
It shall be to his cost. Come, let's away.

Aside.

Enter a Shepherd running hastily.

Shep. O mighty King, pittie thy peoples wrongs,
And cease the clamours of both young and old,
Whose eys do penetrate the gates of heaven,
To look upon the tragical mishaps,
And bloudy spoil of every passenger.
Our sheep devoured, our shepherds daily slain,
All by a furious Serpent, not far hence,
Whom less, great King, you do prevent in time,
A timeless massacre over runs your land,
And danger waits, even at your Palace gates,
And your selfe's as incident to death,
As every common Hinde it hath devoured.
Therefore delay not, mighty Sovereign.

Cara. A Serpent ? where ? when ? how came it thither ?
I'll not demur, Shepherd, lead on the way :
I'll follow thee. There's danger in delay.
Come Cousin *Morgan*, go along with us.
Princes, farewell a while.

Morgan. Cads blue-hood, fight with Tevils. I warrant her,
some

The Valiant Welshman.

some Embassadors from Beelzebubs shortly. Here's a great
deal of flurs. I pray Cad pless her from Tevils. They are
a great deal worse then Marshal men, and Bum-Bayly,
From all of them, Good Lord deliver her. I come,
Cousin.

Gwiniver. Good Angels guide thy dangerous enterprize,
And bring thee back, with conquest to thy friends.
Some powerful Spirit hover over the head
Of my dear Lord, and gard him from the rage
Of that fell Monster. Come, Princes, let's away.
A womans fears can hardly stint or stay. *Exeunt.*

Manet Marcus Gallicus. He looks after Voads.

Marcus. I have not seen a beauty more divine,
A gate more like to *Juno's*, Queen of Heaven.
I cannot tell; but if there be a *Cupid*,
Arrows and flames, that from the sacred fires
Of love and passion, that fond men inspires
With desperate thoughts, kindles our vain desires:
Then in this brest their local place must be.
Oh, Love, how powerful is thy Deity,
That binds the understanding, blinds the eye!
Yet here's an object for the eye, so rare,
Deceit can ne'r beguile, it is so fair.
This chase I'll keep, and either win the game,
Or lose the golden Fleece unto my shame. *Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Shepherd, Caradoc, Morgan.

Cara. Now, Shepherd, are we yet within the ken
Of this fell monster?

Shep. Not, yet my Lord: and yet, me thinks, this place
should not be far.

CARA.

WELSHMAN.

Cara. Then here weel stay : it may be, being hungry,
The dreadful monster now will seek his prey. *Enter*
And range towards us. Come, let's walk about. *old man:*

Old man. Stay, ventrous Prince, and from an old mans
Receive the means, that sacred heavens decree, (hand,
To rid thy Land from this perplexity.
No force of sword can conquer hellish fiends,
By black enchantments made to take thy life :
Thou maist with greater ease cleave rocks asunder,
Or with his hands break Adamants in twain,
Which nought but blood of Goats can mollifie,
Then pierce the skales of this infernal Monster.
About thee take this precious soveraigne herb,
That *Mercury* to wise *Ulisses* gave,
To keep him from the rage of *Cyrces* charmes.
This precious herb, maugre the force of hell,
From blackest sorcery came sound and well.
Farewel, great Prince. *Exit.*

Cara. Thanks gentle Father. And see, the Serpent comes.
Enter the Serpent. *Caradoc shews the herb. The Serpent*
flies into the Temple, Caradoc runs after. It Thunders.
Now *Caradoc* pursue this hellish fiend.

He drags the Magician out by the heels.
Cursed Imposter, damn'd Inginer of plots,
As black in cursed purposes as night,
When by your hellish charmes, she mourns in black
And sable vestments ; tell me, thou sonne of darknesse,
Where that Inventor of mischievous ills
Gloster remaines.

Bluso. There in that cave ; but he is fled from thence,
And being frantike with the horrid sight
Of fearful apparitions, in despair
Runnes up and down these solitary Groves,
Where shortly Furies, with their divilish haunts,
Will lead him to a sad and violent death.

Cara. Wert thou the authour ? tell upon thy life.

G

Bluso. No,

THE VALIANT

Bluso. No, Prince : for in this horrid Cave
There lives my aged mother, deep in skill
Of Magick Exorcismes, as the art it selfe
Exceeds the boundlesse depth of humane wit.
With her the Earle conspir'd, to draw you hither
By this invention.

Cara. Rise, come forth, thou ugly Hagge from thy darke
Cell. *He plucks the Witch out by the heels.*

Cousin *Morgan*, throw her into the flames
Of the burning Temple.

He carries her, and throws.

Morgan. I warrant her. By sheeu, 'tis a hot whore.

Cara. On this condition do I give thee life,
That first, if such an hellish art as this
May serve to vertuous uses, then direct
The scope of all thy skill, to aid poor men,
Distrest by any casualty or chance,
And specially our friends.

Bluso. This *Bluso* vows to be inviolable.

Cara. Come, Cousin *Morgan*, Kings in this are known,
That for their subjects lives, neglect their own.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 3.

Enter a company of Rusticks bearing the body of Gloster.

Cara. How now, Sirs, what heavy spectacle affronts our
eyes?

Clowne. Come, my masters, every man his part, he shall
be examined ere we part with him.

Neighbb. 'Tis fit, neighbour, for he that has no more care
of himself, what will he have of another fellow?

Cara. Whose body is that, my friends?

Clown. Tis not a body, Sir, 'tis but a carkase, sir, some
Gentleman it seems; for if he had been a poor man, that
labours for his living, he would have found somewhat else

to

W E L S H M A N.

to doe, and not to have hang'd himself.

Cara. Alack alack, a wretched case.

Clown. Nay truly, never bestow pity on him, that could not pity himself.

Bluso. 'Tis *Glosters* body, noble *Caradoc*.

Cara. A traytors body, then Heavens justice shown,
That in contriving mischief for his own.

Mor. If his head were taken from his shoulders, 'twere
very well, and poal his head on a high cragge.

Clown. You may poal his head here, if it please you, but
truely it is not worth the labor, for it is a fleece of the low-
zest hair that ever was hanged.

Morg. You are a prating Coxcombe, I would have his
head mounted on a poale, for all false knaves to see and
behold.

Clow. Why sir, you may see it now, and the rest shall see
it hereafter.

Mor. The rest sir, mercy upon us, doe you reckon me a
false knave? by *S. Davy*, I will melt a stone of tallow from
your kidneys.

Cara. Nay, good Sir *Morgan*.

Morg. Pray you Cousin, let me goe.

Clow. Let your Cousin, let him come, you shall have dig-
gon of Chymrade, I warrant you.

Morg. Hark you, hark you Cousin, he speakes Brittish,
by shesu. I not strike him now, if he call me three knaves
more. God plesse us, if he doe not speak a good Brittish,
as any in Troy walles. Give me both your right hands, I
pray you, let us be friends for ever and ever.

Clown. Sir, you shall be friends with a man of credit then
for I have a hundreth pound in black and white, simple as
I stand here: and simple as I stand here, I am one of the
Crowners quest at this time.

Onnes. I, for, simple as we all stand here, we are no lesse
at this time.

Clown. And it may be, as simple as we are here, if we say

THE VALIANT

he shall be buried, he shall and if we say not, it may not be neither.

Morg. But he is dead, whether you will or no.

Clo. Not so, for he died with my good will, for I never wept for him.

Morg. And his body shall be dust, whether you wil or no.

Clo. It may be not neither, as in our wisdoms we shall conclude, perhaps weel burn him, then he shall be burned to ashes.

Mor. By *S. Davies* it is very true.

Cl. For anter, not so neither, weel sell him to the Apothecaries for mummy. For anter not so neither, it may be weel hang him up for the Crows meats, and then he shall be turned to that that falls upon their heads, that has no new clothes at Whitson tide.

Morg. Hold your tongue there I beseech you.

Clo. You must take it as it falls, and as the foolish Fates, and so the quest decrees.

Car. Leave it to themselves, they cannot dispose too ill of the remainder of so black a villain. Our hidious work is done.

Exit Caradoc and Morgan.

Manent Rusticks.

Clo. My masters and fellow questmen, this is the point, we are to search out the course of law, whether this man that has hang'd himselfe, be accessary to his own death or no.

1 *Nei.* Tis a hard case burlady neighbors, to judge truly.

2 *Nei.* Sure, I do think he is guilty.

Clo. Take heed, your conscience must be umpire in the case. I put this point to you, whether every one that hangs himself, be willing to die or no?

2 *Nei.* I, I, sure he is willing.

Cl. I say no, for the hangman hangs himself, and yet he is not willing to die.

3. *Neig.* How dos the Hangman hang himself?

Cl. I may dos he, fir, for if he have not a man to do his office

WELSHMAN.

office for him, he must hang himself: *ergo*, every man that hangs himself is not willing to die.

2 Neigh. He sayes very true indeed: but now sir, being dead, who shall answer the King for his subject?

Cl. Mary sir, he that hang'd his subject.

2 Nei. That was himself.

3 Neighb. No sir, I doe think it was the halter that hang'd him?

Cl. I, in a sort, bnt that was *se offendendo*, for it may be he meant to have broke the halter, and the halter held him out of his own defence.

1 Neigh. But is not the Ropemaker in danger chat made it?

Cl. No, for hee goes backward, when 'tis made, and therefore cannot see before, what will come after; neither is the halter in fault, for he might urge the halter, *nolens volens*, (as the Learned say) neither is he in fault, because the time was come that he should be hanged: and therefore I doe conclude, that he was conscious and guiltlesse of his own death: Moreover, he was a Lord, and a Lord in his own precinct, has authority to hang and draw himself.

2 Nei. Then Neighbour, he may be buried.

Cl. Of great reason, alwaies he that is alive must die, and he that is dead must be buried.

2 Neigh. Yet truly in my conscience, he dos not deserve to be buried.

Cl. Oh, you speak partioussly neighbor Crabtree, not deserve to be buried? I say, he deserves to be buried alive that hangs himself.

3 Neigh. But for his cloaths neighbour.

Cl. His cloaths are the Hangmans.

2 Neigh. Why then he must have them himself.

Cl. This is a shrewd point of law, this might he do now, because he would save charges, and defeat the Hangman: this must be well handled, did he make a VVil?

3 Neigh:

THE VALIANT

3 Neigh. No, he died detestable.

Cl. Why then, they fall to his right heyre male, for a female cannot inherit no breeches, unlesse she wears them in her husbands dayes.

1 Neigh. But where shall we find him ?

Cl. 'Tis true, well then for want of issue, they fall to the chief mourner ; I will be he to save you all harmless, I will take his cloaths upon mine own back, I will begin with his cloak, doe you take every man his quarter, and I will follow with dole and lamentation.

2 Neigh. Then thus the verdict is given up.

Clown. I, I.

3 Neigh. Alas Neighbour, how mournfully you speake already !

Clow. It is the fashion so to doe.

Clow. Bear up the body of our hanged friend,
Silk was his life, a halter was his end :
The Hangman hangs too many (gracelesse else)
Then why should any man, thus hang himself ?
If any ask, why I in tears thus swimme ?
Know, I mourn for his cloaths, and not for him.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 4.

Enter Bardh, or Chorus.

Bardh. Thus have you seen a man, whose daring thoughts
Even to hell it self, the treasury of errours,
Whose very shapes make Nature look agast,
Cannot outface. Now once more turn your eyes,
And view the sudden mutabilitics,
That wait upon the greatest favourite
That ever Fortune favour'd with his love,
Stern Caradoc, ver. unouslie return'd,

Ho-

WELSHMAN.

Hoping to see his beautiful Queen and friends,
 His sister *Voadā*, whom he had left
 With treacherous *Cornwal* who villain-like betraid
 The town and *Voadā*, as yet a maid,
 Unto the hands of *Marcus Gallicus*,
 Sonne to the Romane General, who, as we saw,
 Was far inamour'd of that warlike Dame,
 And to the Romane Band conducts her safe,
 Whilst *Gald*, her husband flies to save his life,
 And in disguise, seeks the Magician forth,
 Intreating him by prayers, sighes and tears,
 To help him by his Art, whilst *Caradoc's* fair Queen,
 Together with her daughter made escape,
 And fled unto the Lord, who being enraged,
 His manly courage doubled his resolve,
 The Romane host pursuing of his Queen
 And her young daughter. Who, when *Caradoc* espied,
 Arm'd with a strength invincible, he fought
 In single opposition 'gainst an host:
 Which famous battel, because histories,
 Above the rest, to his immortal fame,
 Have quoted forth, willing to give it life
 And everlasting motion, with the rest
 Shall be in lively Scenes by him exprest.

Alarum.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 5.

*Enter Caradoc in haste, Guiniver, her daughter,
 and Morgan.*

Morg. Gad's blue-hood, Cousin, take her to her heels:
 was never in such tanshers. Will her not sturre? why look
 you now, the Romanes come upon her with as many men,
 as Mercers keep Wenshes; or Wenshes decayed shentle-
 men. Hark you: i'll call her Cousin *Mauron*, and our Cou-
 sin *Constantine*, and come to her presently.

Cara.

THE VALIANT

Cara. Damned *Cornwall*, mayst thou sink to hell for
Wrackt by the Furies on *Ixions* wheele, (this,
And whipt with steel for this accursed treason. *Alarum.*

Enter the Romanes with their Souldiers.

Ostor. Yeeld thee, proud Welshman, or weele force thee
yeeld.

Cara. Art thou a Roman, and canst speak that language,
The mother tongue of Fugitives and slaves?
No, Romanes: spare these two, and if I lie,
Tho Romane hoste shall bear me company.

*They fight, sometimes Caradoc rescueth his Wife, some-
times his daughter, and killeth many of the Romanes,
and at last, they beat him in, and take his Wife and
Daughter.*

Osterius. Come, Lady, you must along with us.

Guin. Even where you will, if *Caradoc* survive,
My dying soul and joys are yet alive. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caradoc disguised in a Souldiers habit.

Cara. Fashion thy self, thou great and glorious light,
To my disguise, and mask thy subtil sight,
That peeps through every cranny of the world;
Put on thy night-gown of black foggy clouds,
And hide thy searching eye from my disgrace.
Oh *Cornwall*, *Cornwall*, this thy treacherous act,
That hath eclips'd the glory of great Wales,
Shall to succeeding ages tell thy shame,
And honour sound to hear of *Cornwall's* name.
The gods with forked thunder strike thy wrong,
And men in shameful Ballads sing thy fact,
That basely thus hast recompens't thy King.
But curses are like arrows shot upright.

The

WELSHMAN.

That oftentimes in our own heads do light :
And many times our selves in rage prove worst.
The Fox ne're better thrives, but when accurst.
This is a time for policy to move,
And lackey with discretion, and not rage,
My thoughts must now be suted to my shute ;
And common patience must attend the helme,
And steele my reason to the Cape of hope.
At Yorke the noble Prince *Venusius* dwels,
That beares no small affection to our self,
To him Ile write a letter, whose contents
Shall certifie th'affairs concerne my selfe,
Which I my self in this disguise will beare,
And sound the depth of his affection,
Which if but like a friend, he lend his hand,
Ile chase the Romans from this famous land. Exit.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 6.

*Enter Gald in a Shepherds habit, and Bluso
the Magician.*

Gald, Deare *Bluso*, thus farre have my weary steps,
Through passages, as craggy as the Alpes,
Silent and unknown wayes, as intricate,
As the windings of a Laborynth,
Search't out the uncouch Cell of thy abode.
The Roman hoste have seizd my beautous wife,
And with the rude and rugged hand of force.
As *Paris* kept bright *Hellen* from the Greekes,
Denying ransome, more like Canibals
Then honourable Romans, keepe her still.
And never more shall *Gald* injoy the sight
Of his soules flourishing object, till thy skill,
Exceeding humane possibilities,
Work her enlargement, and my happinesse.

H

Bluso

THE VALIANT

Bluso. Fair Prince, I were ungrateful unto him,
That next to heaven, preserved, and gave me life :
And more, by solemne oath I am obliged,
In forfeit of my soul, and hope of blisse,
To use the skill I have, to vertuous ends ;
Amongst the which, this is the capital.
Then doubt not, Prince, but ere this night be spent
She shall be free, and you shall rest content.

Gald. Thanks learned *Bluso*, this thy courtesie
Hath bound Prince *Gald*, in endles bonds of love,
To thee, and to thy art. Now stretch thy spels,
And make the winds obey thy fearful Charmes.
Strike all the Romanes with amazing terrour
At our approaches : let them know,
That hell's broke loose, and Furies rage below.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 7.

*Enter Venusius, Duke of York, with other attendants,
and his Wife Cartamanda.*

Venus. I long have mist those honourable wars,
Which warlike Rome against the Brittaines hold :
But since we hear, and that by true report,
And credible intelligence from many,
Who lately have returned from the Camp,
That *Wales* and *Rome* begin fresh bleeding war,
I doe intend with speed to see the Army,
And pay my love as tribute unto *Rome*.
But yet I grieve that such intestine jar
Is safn betwixt such an heroick Prince,
As is the King of *Wales* and powerful *Rome*,
The *Romans* do in multitudes exceed.
He, well instructed in true fortitude,
A Graduate in Martial discipline,
And needs no Tutor ; for in pupil age

He

W E L S H M A N.

He was brought up in honours rudiments,
And learu'd the elements of warlike Arts.
Then much I muse, why *Cesar* should begin,
That scarce hath ended with the *Brittish* wars;
Or who's the Author of these firebrands
Diffention thus hath kindled.

Cart. It may be, noble husband, the desire
Of Principality and Kingly rule,
As yet is boundlesse and uncircumscrib'd :
But if our reasons eye could see our selves,
That's neere to us, and not like prospectives,
Behold a farre off, great men were themselves :
Or, if like *Philip* King of *Macedon*,
Whose boundlesse mind of *Soveraigne Majesty*
Was like a *Globe*, whose body circular
Admits no end, seeing by chance, the length
Of the impression which his body made
Upon the sands, and only by a fall,
Wondred, that such a little space conteyn'd
The body, when the mind was infinite,
And in this Moral plainly did foresee
The longitude of mans mortality.
But soft, what Souldier's this ?

Enter Caradoc disguis'd.

Cara. And't please you, Madam from the King of *Wales*.
I bring this Letter to *Venusius*,
Your Royal Husband.

Venus. Come, Souldier, prithee let me see,
I long to hear from noble *Caradoc*. *He reads it.*

Carta. Say, Souldier, camest thou from *Wales* ?
What news betwixt the *Welshmen* and the *Romanes* ?

Cara. Madam, a glorious victory to *Rome*,
The Town of *Gloster* vildly being betraid
By *Cornewals* complots and conspiracies,
Even in the dead of night : and to augment
His treasons to the height of his desert,

THE VALIANT

Even in the absence of his Lord and King,
Whilest *Caradoc*, at his returning rage.
Though single and invironed round with foes,
Fought like a Lybian Lyon: But to conclude,
Not *Hercules* against a multitude.
And thus at odds was forst to flee the place.

Venu. Souldiour, come hither, where is *Caradoc*?

Cara. In Wales, my Lord, and stayes for your reply.

Venu, Souldiour, I wish, if wishes could prevail,
Thy princely Master were with us a while,
Till all these cloudes of black contention
Were either overblown or else dissolved.
Fame hath not left a man more fit to talk,
Or disputation in bright honours scholes,
Then is my noble Master, When I behold
His noble portrayture but in conceit,
Me thinks, I see the reall thing it selfe
Of perfect Honour and Nobility,
And not fantastically apprehend
Onely the ayry fictions of the brayne.
I now repent, that thus long I have spent
My honour and my time, in ayding Rome,
And thus far have digrest from Natures lawes,
To ayde a forrayne Nation 'gainst mine owne.
Were but thy Master here he soone should see,
He hath his wish, and Wales her liberty.

Carados puts off his disguise.

Cara. Then know, kind Prince, that thus I have presum'd
To put thy honoured love unto the test,
In this disguise, and with auricular boldnesse
Have heard your tale of profest amity.
And noble friend, then here stands *Caradoc*,
Who now is come petitioner to thy ayde,
Betrayde unto the Romanes by a villaine.
And whilest by dint of sword I fearlesse pass,
Thorow the Legions of the puissant hoste,

My

WELSHMAN.

My Queen and daughter they have prisoners tane,
Whose memory quickens my dangers past,
And adds new fuell to my bleeding soule,
Then, if thou beest not verball but thy tongue
Is with a single string strung to thy heart,
All Wales shall honour thee and thy desert.

Venu. Brave Prince, as welcome to *Venusius*,
As sleep to wearied Nature. But now the time
Fits not for frivolous complements. A while
Repose your self with me, where you shall be
As secreet as men would keep their sinnes
From the worlds eye, whilest in the meane time, I
Prepare my forces. Wife, view this noble Prince :
This is that man, that, in despite of Rome,
This nine years space hath brauely waged warre,
And now by Treason's forst unto his friends.
Then, Wife, as thou doest tender our regard,
Respect this Prince, and keep him privately,
Vntill I do return. Farewell, noble Prince.

Carta. Welcome, great Prince. Here think your self secure,
As in a sanctuary, from your foes,
My husband oftentimes hath worne out time,
Discourfing of your worths superlative.
And I am proud of such a worthy guest.

Cara. Lady, I shall be troublesome: but ere long,
I hope once more to meet this trayterous host,
And seale my wrongs with ruine of my foes.
Fame wrongs the Romanes with these noble stiles
Of honour, unseconded deserts.
These attributes are only fitte for men,
That God-like should be qualified with hate
Of such infectious sinnes as Treasons are.
Weake-pated Romanes ! what fidelity
Can be in Traytors, who are so unjust,
That their own Countrey is deceived in trust ?
Come, Madam, will you shew the way ?

THE VALIANT

ACTUS 5. SCENA I.

Enter Bluso the Magician, and Gald.

Gald. Now, *Bluso*, thus far have we by thy Art,
Even to their private lodgings, fearlesse past
Invinsible to any mortal eye.

But, *Bluso*, tell me, are we yet arrived
At our expected Haven?

Bluso. This is her Chambers here we will stand unseen,
And yet see all that passe.

'Tis almost dead of night, and now begins
Sleep, with her heavy rod to charme the eyes
Of humane dulness. Here stand we yet a while,
And in this silent time observe the love,
The Roman Generals sonne bears to your wife,
Who long hath born the siege of his hot lust,
And now behold, like bloody *Tarquin* comes.

*Enter Marcus Gallicus, with a candle in his
hand, and his sword drawn.*

Being non-sated, to satisfie the heat
Of his insatiate and immoderate blood,
That boyling runs through his adulterous veines,
A little while give way unto his practise,
And when we see a time prevent his purpose.

Mar. Night, that doth basely keep the dore of sinne,
And hide grosse murthers and adulteries,
With all the mortal sins the world commits,
From the clear eye-sight of the morning Sun:
Thou that ne're changest colour for a sin,
Worse then Apostasie, stand Centinel this hour,
And with thy Negroes face vayle my intent,
Put out thy golden candles with thy fogs,
And let original darknesse, that is fled
VVith Chaos to the Center, gard my steps.

How

WELSHMAN.

How hush'd is all things! and the world appears
Like to a Church-yard full of dead.

Deaths picture, Sleep, looks, as if passing bells
Went for each vital spirit, and appears,
As if our souls had took their general flight,
And cheated Nature of her motion,
Then on unto thy paradise: none can descry
Thy black intent, but night and her black eye.

*He goes to her bed upon the Stage,
and looks upon her.*

Behold the local residence of love,
Even in the Rosetincture of her cheek.
I am all fire, and must needs be quencht,
Or the whole house of nature will be burnt.

Fair *Voada*, awake: 'tis I, awake. *He awakes her.*

Voada. Ah! I adream'd? or, do I wake indeed?
I am betray'd. Fond Lord, what make you here
At this unreasonable time of night?
Is't not enough that you importune
Each hour in the day? but in the night,
When every creature nods his sleepy head,
You seek the shipwracke of my spotlesse honour,
For shame forbear, and clear a Romans name,
From the suspicion of so foul a sin.
Perhaps you'll say that you are flesh and blood,
Oh my good Lord, were you but only so:
It were no sin, but naturally instinct:
And then that noble name that we call man,
Should undistinguish'd passe, even like a beast.
But man was made divine with such a face,
As might behold the beauty of the starres,
And all the glorious workmanship of heaven.
Beasts only are the subjects of bare sense:
But man hath reason and intelligence,
Beasts souls die with them, but mans soul's divine,
And therefore needs must answer for each crime.

Marcus

THE VALIANT.

Marcus. Thy speeches are like oyle unto a flame
I must enjoy thee. If thou wilt yeeld to me,
He be thy friend for ever : but if denide,
By force I will attempt, what by fayre meanes
I cannot compasse. Besides thou art my captive,
And standst a suter for thy liberty,

Voada. I, for my body: but my soul is free.

Gald. I can no longer hear these arguments.
Come, *Bluso*, help me to convey her hence.

*They tumble Marcus over the bed, and take
away her.*

Mar. What fury hath deprived me of my joy,
And crost my blood, even to the heat of lust?
What is she gone? Oh all you sacreed powers,
Remit this sinne, unacted, but by thought:
And by those heavenly patrones of chaste minds,
Vertue, like to my soule, shall wholly be
Diffused through every member. Thus powers above
Doe, with unknown means, scourge unlawfull love. *Exit.*

Enter Cartamanda with her Secretary.

Carta. Already I have posted to the General,
To tell him *Caradoc* is in our hands,
And bid him make haste, for this, ere the day,
A womans wit shall serve for to betray.
And see, he comes. Welcome thrice-honored Lord.

Enter Generall with his Army.

VVarily, Souldiours, there his Chamber is,
And he not yet abed. Beset him round.
What wars have mist, a woman shall confound. *Exit.*

*The Generall drawes the Curtaines, and finds
Caradoc a reading.*

Ostorius. Now *Caradoc*, thy life is in our hands:
Behold, thou art ingirt with a whole hoste.
And couldst thou borrow force of beasts and men.

Thou

WELSHMAN.

Thou couldst by no means escape.

Cara. What! Souldiers in every corner set?
The Roman General. I am betray'd,
Inhospitable woman, this with your sex began:
The Serpent taught you to betray poor man.
When God, like Angels, man created first,
God man him blest, but woman most accurst.
And since that time, the chiefest good in women,
Is to beguile most men, and true to few men.
Yet Romans, know, that *Caradoc* here stands,
In bold defiance, were you like the sands.

Ofor. Assault him then.

*They fight, and Caradoc beats and overthrows
many of them.*

Ofor. Hold, noble *Welshman*,
Thou seest it is impossible to scape,
Hadst thou the strength of mighty *Hercules*,
If thou wilt yeeld I vow by all the gods
I will do protect *Cesar* and mighty *Rome*,
By all the honours that the *Romane* power
Have won, since *Romulus* did build their walls,
Because thou art a man unparallel,
Of honourable courage, ile engage
My life for thine to *Cesar* for thy freedome.
Cesar himself admires thy fortitude,
And will with honour welcom thee at *Rome*.
He is a King, whom baseness never toucht,
And scorns to pluck a Lyon by the beard,
Being a carcase. Speak, will you traist our oath?

Caradoc flings down his Arms.

Cara. I take thy word, great Generall.
And think not, for any fear of death,
I prostitute my life to *Cesars* hands:
But for I know *Cesar* is like a King,
And cannot brook a base mechanick thought:
But for to see those famous towers of *Rome*,

THE VALIANT

This golden Lion shall inlarge me soon,

Ofor. Then, *Manlius Valeus*, you shall bear him thither,
And for your gard, take the ninth Legion,
Surnamed, The valiant : and by the way,
At *London* stayes his daughter, wife and brother ;
Let them to *Cesar* bear him company. *Exit Caradoc.*

Farewel, brave Prince. Now Romanes once again,

Seeing the Welshmans glory is Eclipst,

Let us provide to meet Lord *Morgan*,

And Lord *Constantine*,

Venusius, and the rest that gather head,

And seat Prince *Codigune* in what's his right,

That now have gathered strong and fresh supply.

This battel shall adde honour to our name,

And with triumphant Lawrel crown our fame. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 5. SCENA 3.

*Enter Venusius, Constantine, and Lord Morgan,
with Souldiers in Armes.*

Venus. Thus, noble Lords, *Venusius* armed comes,
In love to *Wales*, and that much wronged Prince,
Who now at *York*, lives private from his foes,
From whence we now will call him, and awake
His ancient courage, that long time hath slept,
Upon the downy pillowes of repose.

Good Angels, guide us : this our latest strife
Shall set a period to our death or life.

Const. Me thinks, right noble Lord, yet I presage
The horror of this battel we intend,
Will cost a masse of bloud ; nor do I stand
Firmely resolv'd ; and the least sparke of valour
Turnes to a Flame of Magnanimity.

Oh, were my brother *Caradoc* but here,
Our minds were made invincible, all our thoughts

We

WELSHMAN.

Were fixt on warlike Musick, or any thing
Beyond a common venter. And see, in time
Our Princely brother and our sister comes.

Enter Gald, Bluso, and Voada.

Welcome, dear brother, how escap'd you danger,
And purchast such a happy liberty?

Gald. All that I have, I freely do ascribe
Unto this learned man, whose sacred Arte,
Beyond the strayne of deep Philosophy,
Or any natural science under heaven,
Possess me of this Jewel of my soul,
And through the Roman hoste invisible,
Convey'd us both safe, as you see we are.

Morgan. Hark you me, you remember your Cousin *Caradoc* and *Morgan*, do you not? Give me your hands. Be
Cad, I shall love the Tevil, till breath's in her pody, for
this trick. Be Cad, he has done more good then any Ju-
stice of peace this seven years for all her stocks and whip-
ping posts. Hark you me now.

Const. Hark, hark, the Romans march to us with speed.
Now Royal Princes, think on your vild disgrace,
Their treasons, falshoods and conspiracies:
And double resolution whet your rage.
Oh *Caradoc*, there's nothing wants but thee,
And now too late to buckle on thy Armes.
If in this bloody -kirmish I survive,
Triumphs shall crown the glorious brow of *Wales*.
Bastard, begot at the back door of nature,
Cornwall the author of these bleeding wounds,
That many a wretch shall suffer for their wrongs.
Behold, we come arm'd with a triple rage,
To scourge your base indignities with steel.
Noble Prince *Gald*, here in our brothers stead,
Conduct our Army forth as General,
Romans come on, your pride must catch a fall,

THE VALIANT

ACTUS 5. SCENA 4.

*Enter Ostorius, Marcus Gallicus, Cessius, Codigune,
Cornewall with Souldiers.*

Ostor. Now Brittaines, though the wrongs done to this
And to our selves deserve a sharp revenge ; (Prince,
Yet, for we pittie the effusion -
And havock that these cruel broyles intend,
Once more in peace we crave this Princes right,
Which our weak Army can no way detain.
Perhaps you stand upon the idle hopes
Of *Caradoc* : Know then, you are deceived :
For hee's your prisoner, and to *Rome* is sent
With *Manlius Valens* to the Emperour.

Then yield your selves, or trie the chance of war.

Gald. Then so we will, base Romanes,
Henceforth, instead of honourable names,
Succeeding times shall brand our slavish thoughts,
With the black coales of treasons and defame.
Princes, since now you know the worst of all,
Let vengeance teach your valient minds to mount
Above a common pitch, inspire your soules
With the remorseless thoughts of bloud and death ;
And this day spit defiance in the face
Of treacherous *Rome*, and think on this disgrace.

Codig. Stay Prince, and let me speak.

Gald. Some Cannon shot ram up thy damned throat.
Peace, hell-hound, for thou sing'st a Ravens note. *Alarum.*

They fight, and beat in the Romanes.

Enter at one dore Gald, and at the other Codigune.

Gald. Well met, thou Fiend of hell : by heaven ile die,
Or be revenged for all thy trechery,

Codig. Weak Prince, first keep a dyet for a time,
To adde fresh vigour to thy feeble limbs,

And

WELSHMAN.

And then perhaps wee'l teach thee how to fight. (Freeson.

Gald. Villain, the heavens have strength enough against

They fight, Gald killeth Codigune.

Enter Cornewal at one dore, and Morgan at the other.

Morg. Cad plesse her. *Cornewals* be Cad you are as arrant a Knave, as any Proker in Longlanes. Hark you me, i'le fight with her for all her treasons and conjurations.

They fight, and Morgan killeth Cornewal.

Morg. Fare you well, Cousin *Cornewal*, I pray you commend us to *Plutees* and *Proserpines*, and tell all the Devils of your affinity and acquaintance, I thank them for your Cousin *Gald*.

Enter at one dore the Romane Standard-bearer of the Eagle, and at the other dore Constantine.

Const. Lay down that haggard Eagle and submit Thy Romane colours to the Brittaines hands : Or by that mighty Mover of the Orbe, That scourges Romes ambition with revenge, I'le pluck her haughty feathers from her back, And with her, bury thee in endlesse night

Standardb. Know Brittaines, threats unto a Romane Swell us with greater force, like fire supprest, (breft, If thou wilt have her, winne her with thy Armes.

They fight, and Constantine winneth the Eagle & waveth it.

Const. Thus, not in honour but in foul disgrace, We wave the Romane Eagle spight of foes, Or all the puissant Army of proud Rome.

Enter Marcus Gallicus.

Mar. Proud Welshman redeliver up that Bird, Whose silver wings thou flutterest in the ayre ; The Vervels that she wears belongs to Rome, And Rome shall have, or i'le pawn my bloud.

Const. Romane behold, even in disgrace of this and thee And all the factious rout of trecherous Rome, I'le keep this Eagle, winne it if thou darest.

They fight, and are both slain.

Enter

THE VALIANT

Enter Gald, Voada, Vennsius, Morgan.

Gald. Sound a Retreat, this day we bravely fought,
Cornwall and Codigune, whose infectious breath
Ingendred noysome plagues of bloud and death,
With all the Roman hoste is put to flight:
Thus by the hand of Heaven our peace is won,
And all our foes sunk to confusion.

ACTUS 5. SCENA 5.

*Enter first the Pretorian bands armed ; they stand in rows:
then enter Mauron, Guiniver, her daughter Helena,
and Caradoc bound : they passe over the Stage.
Then enter Caesar, the Empreffe, with
the Senate.*

Caesar. Now famous Rome, that lately lay obscurde
In the dark Clouds of Brittish infamy,
Appears victorious in her conquering Robes,
And like the Sunne, that in the midst of heaven
Reflects more glory on the teeming earth :
So fares it with triumphant Rome this day.
Bring forth these Brittish Captives : let them kneele
For mercy, and submit to *Caesars* doom.

*Enter Mauron, Guiniver, her daughter, and
Caradoc ; they all bend their knees
to Caesar, except Caradoc.*

Caesar. What's he that scorns to bow, when *Caesar* bids ?

Cara. *Caesar*, a man, that scornes to bow to *Jove*,
Were he a man like *Caesar*, such a man,
That neither cares for life, nor fears to die.
I was not born to kneel, but to the Gods,
Nor basely bow unto a lump of clay,
In adoration of a clod of earth.
Were *Caesar* Lord of all the spacious world,
Even from the Artick, to the Antattick poles.

And

WELSHMAN.

And but a man, in spite of death and him,
 I'd keep my legs upright, honour should stand
 Fixt as the Center, at no Kings command.
 Thou mayest as well inforce the foming surge
 Of high-swolne *Neptune*, with a word retire,
 And leave his flowing tide, as make me bow.
 Thinks *Cesar*, that this petty misery
 Of servil bonds, can make true honour stoop?
 No, tis enough for Sicophants and slaves,
 To crouch to Tyrants, that fears their graves.
 I was born when flattery beg'd land,
 And eat whole Lordships up with making legs.
 Let it suffice: were *Cesar* thrice as great,
 I'd never bow to Rome, him nor his seat.

Cesar. So brave a Brittain hath not *Cesar* heard,
 But soft; I am deceived, but I behold
 The golden Lyon hang about his necke,
 That I delivered to a valiant Souldiour,
 ransomlesse releast me of my bonds:
 O spirit (for thy tongue bewrayes no lesse)
 If *Cesar* may intreat thee, kindly tell,
 Where, or from whom hadst thou that golden lion,
 That hangs about thy necke?

Car. From *Cesar*, or from such another man,
 That seem'd no lesse in power then *Cesar* is,
 Whom I took captive, (and so *Cesar* was)
 And ransomlesse sent back unto his Tents,
 Then if in all he like to *Cesar* be,
Cesar, I am deceiv'd, but thou art he.

Cæ. But he that took me, was a common souldier.

Car. No, *Cesar*: but disguis'd I left my troops,
 Being forbidden by the Brittish King,
 To fight at all, and rush into the hoste,
 Where, from thy hands I took this golden Lyon.

Cæs. Thy words confirme the truth. For this brave deed,
 And kind courtesie shewed to *Cesar* in extremes.

We

THE VALIANT.

We freely give you all liberties,
And honourably will return you home
With everlasting peace and unity.
And this shall *Cæsar* speak unto thy fame,
The valiant Welshman merits honours name.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Bardh.

Bardh. Time cuts off our valiant Welshmans worth,
When longer Scenes more amply might have shown;
But that the Story's tedious to rehearse,
And we in danger of impatient ears,
Which too long repetition might beget.
Here leave we him with *Cæsar* full of mirth;
And now of you old *Bardh* intreats to tell
In good or ill, our Story doth excel.
If ill, then go I to my silent Tombe,
And in my shrowd sleep in the quiet earth,
That did intend to give a second birth.
But if it please, then *Bardh* shall tune his straine,
To sing this Welshmans praises once again.
Bells are the dead mans Musick, ere I go,
Your Clapplers sound will tell me I, or no. *Exit.*

EPILLOGUE.

*We are your Tenants, and are come to know,
Whether the Rent we pay'd, hath pleas'd or no,
If not, your Lease is void; but tis your Lands:
And therefore you may seal it with your hands.*

FINIS.

D
A 3698

110628

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION